

Mess. My selfe haue Letters of the selfe-same Tenure.

Bru. With what Addition.

Mess. That by proscription, and billes of Outlawrie, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, haue put to death, an hundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree: Mine speake of seuentie Senators, that dy'de By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cassi. Cicero one?

Mess. Cicero is dead, and by that order of proscription Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?

Bru. No *Messala*.

Mess. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing *Messala*.

Mess. That me thinkes is strange.

Bru. Why aske you?

Mess. Heere you ought of her, in yours?

Mess. No my Lord.

Bru. Now as you are a Roman tell me true.

Mess. Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell; For certaine she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why farewell *Portia*. We must die *Messala*: With meditating that she must dye once, I haue the patience to endure it now.

Mess. I euen so great men, great losses shold indure.

Cassi. I haue as much of this in Art as you,

But yet my Nature could not beare it so.

Bru. Well, to our worke aloue. What do you thinke

Of marching to *Philippi* presently.

Cassi. I do not thinke it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cassi. This it is:

'Tis better that the Enemie seeke vs, So shall he waste his meanes, weary his Souldiers, Doing himselfe offence, whilst we lying still, Are full of rest, defence, and nimblenesse.

Bru. Good reasons must of force giue place to better:

The people 'twixt *Philippi*, and this ground

Do stand but in a forc'd affection:

For they haue grudg'd vs Contribution:

The Enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number vp,

Come on refresh't, new added, and encourag'd:

From which aduantage shall we cut him off.

If at *Philippi* we do face him there,

These people at our backe.

Cassi. Heere me good Brother.

Bru. Vnder your pardon. You must note beside,

That we haue tride the ymoost of our Friends:

Our Legions are brim full, our cause is ripe,

The Enemy encreaseth euery day,

We at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a Tide in the assayes of men,

Which taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune:

Omitted, all the voyage of their life,

Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miseries.

On such a full Sea are we now afloat,

And we must take the current when it serues,

Or loose our Ventures.

Cassi. Then with your will go on: we'll along

Our felues, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru. The deepe of night is crept vpon our talke,

And Nature must obey Necessitie,

Which we will niggard with a little rest:

There is no more to say.

Cassi. No more, good night,

Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius* my Gowne: farewell good *Messala*, Good night *Tutius*: Noble, Noble *Cassius*, Good night, and good repose.

Cassi. O my deere Brother:

This was an ill beginning of the night:

Neuer come such diuision 'twene our soules:

Let it not *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius with the Gowne.

Bru. Euery thing is well.

Cassi. Good night my Lord.

Bru. Good night good Brother.

Tut. *Messa*. Good night Lord *Brutus*.

Bru. Farewell euery one.

Giue me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrument?

Luc. Heere in the Tent.

Bru. What, thou speakest drowsily?

Poore knaue I blame thee not, thou art ore-watch'd,

Call *Claudio*, and some other of my men,

He haue them sleepe on Cushions in my Tent.

Luc. *Varrus*, and *Claudio*.

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Varr. Cals my Lord?

Bru. I pray you first, lye in my Tent and sleepe,

It may be I shall raise you by and by

On businesse to my Brother *Cassius*.

Varr. So please you, we will stand,

And watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not haue it so: Lye downe good sirs,

It may be I shall otherwise bethinke me.

Looke *Lucius*, heere's the booke I sought for so:

I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not giue it me.

Bru. Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull,

Canst thou hold vp thy heame eyes a-while,

And touch thy Instrument a straine or two.

Luc. I may Lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does my Boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. 'Tis my duty Sir.

Bru. I should not vrge thy duty past thy might,

I know yong bloods looke for a time of rest.

Luc. I haue slept my Lord already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleepe againe:

I will not hold thee long. If I do lue,

I will be good to thee.

Musicke, and a Song.

This is a sleepey Tune: O Mord'rous slumbler!

Layest thou thy Leaden Mace vpon my Boy,

That playes thee Musicke? Gentle knaue good night:

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:

If thou do'st nod, thou break'st thy Instrument,

He take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.

Let me see, let me see; is not the Lease turn'd downe

Where I left reading? Heere it is I thinke.

Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

How ill this Taper burnes. Ha! Who comes heere?

I thinke it is the weakenesse of mine eyes

That shapeth this monstrous Apparition.

It comes vpon me: Art thou any thing?

Art thou some God, some Angell, or some Diuell,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my haire to stare?

Speake to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy euill Spirit *Brutus*?

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.

Bru. Well: then I shall see thee againe?

Ghost. I, at *Philippi*.

Bru. Why I will see thee at *Philippi* then:

Now I haue taken heart, thou vanishest.

Ill Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.

Boy, *Lucius*, *Varrus*, *Claudio*, Sirs: Awake:

Claudio.

Luc. The strings my Lord, are false.

Bru. He thinkes he still is at his Instrument.

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My Lord.

Bru. Did'st thou dreame *Lucius*, that thou so cryedst

out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes that thou did'st: Did'st thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing my Lord.

Bru. Sleepe againe *Lucius*: Sirra *Claudio*, Fellow,

Thou Awake.

Varr. My Lord.

Cass. My Lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out sirs, in your sleepe?

Both. Did we my Lord?

Bru. I: saw you any thing?

Varr. No my Lord, I saw nothing.

Cass. Nor I my Lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my Brother *Cassius*:

Bid him set on his Powres betimes before,

And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done my Lord.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Octa. Now Antony, our hopes are answered,

You said the Enemy would not come downe,

But keepe the Hilles and vpper Regions:

It proues not so: their battailes are at hand,

They meane to warne vs at *Philippi* heere:

Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut I am in their bosomes, and I know

Wherefore they do it: They could be content

To visit other places, and come downe

With fearefull brauery: thinking by this face

To fasten in our thoughts that they haue Courage;

But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you Generals,

The Enemy comes on in gallant shew:

Their bloody signe of Battell is hung out,

And something to be done immediately.

Ant. *Octavius*, leade your Battaille softly on

Vpon the left hand of the euen Field.

Octa. Vpon the right hand I keepe thou the left.

Ant. Why do you crosse me in this exigent.

Octa. I do not crosse you: but I will do so. *March.*

Drum. *Enter Brutus, Cassius, & their Army.*

Bru. They stand, and would haue parley.

Cassi. Stand fast *Tutius*, we must out and talke.

Octa. Mark Antony, shall we giue signe of Battaille?

Ant. No Caesar, we will answer on their Charge.

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